

Star-Crossed by cornflakesorttoast

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier-centric, Explicit Language, F/M, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, Gen, Horoscopes, M/M, Mentioned Sonia Kaspbrak, Minor Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier is a Mess, Soft Eddie Kaspbrak, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, no beta we die like men

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie writes horoscopes for the college's newspaper as a part-time job. When he notices Eddie reading the newspapers star signs everyday, Eddie's horoscopes suddenly become as positive as possible.

Star-Crossed

Author's Note:

hopefully they're not too ooc??????? i am Very Scared because i've never posted anything i've written before, please give me feedback i'm a comment whore

"I didn't think murder was on today's agenda, Big Bill," Richie said conversationally, from where he was perched up on the countertop, one leg sprawled out and the other brought up to where his knee was up to his chest. His hands were flat to either side of him to support him. There was two bowls of cereal between the both of them, one abandoned on the kitchen island along with a half-empty cereal box. Richie's spoon was balanced haphazardly on the rim of the bowl, shifting dangerously close to falling and clattering against the quartz counters.

Richie was still dressing in his pyjamas from the morning. His dark hair was unruly, a sleepy halo around his head, and his glasses were taped repeatedly across the middle where they had been broken a few months back.

Bill stared at him with an expression he had perfected - one utterly lacking amusement - though the upward quirk of his lip betrayed his facade as he struggled to fight a smile at Richie's commentary. "I do-don't think i-it's on anyone's a-a-agenda, Richie," he shot back, still scooping cinnamon-flavored squares up from the bottom of his bowl as he spoke. "I wouldn't ha-have wanted to k-kill you if you did-didn't spill coffee all o-over my flannel, e-either." He added, setting his bowl aside.

Richie responded without missing a beat. "No, it's on mine, just not until next Thursday." He paused as he spied the newspaper tucked under Bill's cup of coffee. He recognized the title, and he could spot the little horoscope section compacted tightly into the corner of the page. He bent forward and snatched it up from underneath the mug. "Aw shucks, Bill, ya read my page?"

"No," he said bluntly, fumbling to open a packet of coffee creamer. "I b-bought it for t-the crosswords, not your s-st-star sign bullshit. And why... why are you having c-c-cereal for lunch a-again?" He raised his mug to take a sip, winced at the taste, and dumped some more creamer in.

Richie recoiled into a fit of despair at this, draping himself over one of the bar stools dramatically. His muddy sneakers squelched against the once-clean countertops horribly, enough to make Bill cringe. "For your information, cereal is a valid lunch item. And you're like my grandpa. Only grandpas do crosswords," he said.

"N-not true! S-s-stan does," Bill retorted, defending himself valiantly. Too valiantly, perhaps, as he realized he'd completely plowed down the plan he'd conspired of keeping him a secret and had just accidentally mentioned the one person he had been trying to avoid the topic of.

Catching himself, he stuttered over a lie. "He's, u-uh, in my Discussion class - I-I mean - he was do-doing crosswords. I-in my class. That's how I kn-know," he rambled. His recovery failed; he could tell he had been completely transparent in his efforts by the look of glee on Richie's face.

Richie grinned, sitting up and leaning forward. He raised his eyebrows and proposed a question, drawing out the syllables slowly. There was a twinkle of mirth in his dark eyes that did not mask the malice beneath them. "You like this Stan, don't you?" At the look of utter anguish on the other boy's face, which was beginning to turn red, he began to cackle.

Bill ducked his head away, literally physically avoiding the question and distracting himself by grabbing a shaker of sugar from the table and tapping some into his coffee. And then the entire lid proceeded to come off and sugar crystals went everywhere. This only caused Richie, who was now doubling over and clutching his sides, to laugh even harder.

Bill kicked him out of their dorm room after discovering he had been the one to unscrew the cap, but not before Richie was able to slip into a pair of slippers. And that was how he found himself absent-

mindedly wandering into the cafeteria in search of a vending machine, only to be turned back by a bold-lettered out of order sign, scrawled in red marker.

He doubled back over to the college's library. He knew there was a vending machine in there, and strode over to the building confidently only to be very rudely greeted once again by a closed sign.

At that point, he figured closed signs were only a recommendation. He tried the door and found it - most likely due to an irresponsible staff member - unlocked, and slipped inside. A few minutes later, he had acquired a chocolate bar and, after a moment's consideration, decided to pause and sit up on one of the study tables to eat it. And that was when he spotted the top of somebody's head.

"You know the library is closed, right?" the stranger, who had been curled up in a chair with his knees up to his chest and his nose practically buried inside the nook of a book, nearly jumped out of his skin as he twisted around, scanning the area for the source of the voice.

And then Richie was met face-to-face with the cutest boy he'd ever seen. He had fluffy brown hair, just long enough to be curling, that fell in ringlets around his nape. He was dressed in a baby-blue sweater, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and overalls that were hiked up and cuffed around his ankles. He was small and short in stature, with feminine features like his heart-shaped face and large doe-eyes the color of caramel, with a mischievous glint that seemed to reflect the corners of his mouth, which were fighting a smile. Freckles that matched the color of his eyes sprinkled across his nose and flecked his upper cheeks, complete with dimples that were visible on his cheeks even without smiling just yet.

The stranger stared at him as he took in his appearance, raising his eyebrows. Richie was clutching a kit-kat from the vending machine without even blushing at the sheer hypocrisy of his comment, propping himself up on a study desk and swinging his slipper-clad feet back and forth without a trace of guilt. The stranger paused and dog-eared his book, setting it onto the table next to the school's newspaper. Richie could make out the title of the book - Astrology for The Soul - out of the corner of his eye.

Unabashedly, at the other boy's extended silence, he probed at him again. He couldn't quite stop himself before he got the words out, and then he just kept going.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you it's almost as rude to stare at someone as it is to point at them?" Another pause. "Maybe she didn't. My mom was never like that. Didn't connect with me. When she was there, that is, which was like, never. And you never answered my question, you know," he added as an afterthought, aware that he was rambling but not quite possessing the ability to shut his mouth. He was either constantly fiddling with his thick-framed glasses, pushing them back upwards onto the bridge of his nose despite them not slipping downwards or staring down at his feet as he spoke.

"Oh," was all the curly-haired boy said. His voice was lilting and modulated and soft all at once. "I get absorbed into books when I'm reading them, and I'm not really aware of what's around me. I didn't realize it was after-hours. But I could ask you the same question," he finished, his tone warping halfway through his sentence and sounding almost accusing.

Richie was almost taken aback by his sudden defensiveness and assertiveness, the change in his voice so quick it could have given him whiplash. There was some air about him that made him seem as if he had just demanded an answer, despite never even phrasing it as a question.

"I broke in to steal from the vending machine," Richie deadpanned. He let the comment sit for a couple of seconds, keeping up his serious facade - though the effect was ruined by his fidgeting - until all Eddie could do was stare at him. "Only joking. I'm here because all of the vending machines are closed..." he paused as he tried to read the other boy's expression, and then continued. "...and, uh, I forgot my laptop, too. I went for the laptop. I'm Richie, by the way."

"I'm Eddie. Eddie Kaspbrak," he said, relief evident in his expression - and his voice, sweet as honey after he left his guard down - as he realized that, no, he wasn't just confronted by a teenage criminal who regularly broke into libraries plotting to steal kitkats.

"Eddie. Ed-die." Richie echoed. "Cool." And then he tore open the side

of said kit-kat wrapper with his index fingers and took it off as loudly as possible, the crinkle of foil loud enough to make him cringe in the otherwise quiet library. He rolled the red foil into a ball and threw it at a nearby trash can, where it rebounded off of the side of the can and onto the ground. He had missed so horribly, he could hear Eddie snicker beside him.

"Was that supposed to go in the can?" He quipped. Richie just smiled sheepishly in return, before proceeding to bite right into the kitkat *without breaking it*. "Oh, my god, stop it," was out of Eddie's mouth before he could clamp down on his tongue to stop himself, and he figured he might as well roll with it and leaned forward, snatching the chocolate bar right out of his hands and snapping the candy in two.

Richie looked utterly bemused. "What? Kitkats are good for my mental health," he told him a tad uncertainly, confusion written across his face. His fragile air of confidence had noticeably shattered at his state of utter bewilderment.

"You didn't break the kitkat in two before you tried shoving the entire thing in your mouth first, you dipshit. That's, like, the unspoken rule of kit-kats. No, scratch that, it's the spoken rule about kit-kats. You *break* it." Eddie waved the two halves of the kitkat in the air for emphasis before handing them back, cringing as the chocolate began to melt on his fingertips.

"The only thing I break is your mom's bed, Eds," he replied, not quite sure where the nickname came from. Eddie blinked up at him and took something from his pocket.

He opened up a bottle of hand sanitizer, dumped an excessive amount onto both of his hands, and started rubbing them together. "Don't call me Eds. And, like, are you... are you *twelve*? Your mom jokes? Really?"

Richie waved his hands up in response. "I'm twelve at heart, I can't help it. You like astrology?" He asked, pointing at the book. He had meant to ask earlier, but it had slipped his mind and he had only thought of it now.

Eddie responded as he closed the bottle of hand sanitizer and tucked it back into his pocket. "I like reading about the horoscopes. The ones in the paper, too. Speaking of the paper, didja see your horoscope for today?" he paused and snatched up the newspaper from underneath his book without waiting for a reply. "What's your sign?"

"Aquarius." At his response, Eddie's lips turned upwards into a crooked, natural smile. He's saying something, but Richie isn't listening because he can't help but notice that Eddie's teeth are perfectly aligned apart from one of his upper canines, which is being driven up into his gums due to the lack of space there, as if he'd never gotten braces. Somehow this flaw made him all the more endearing, and then suddenly Eddie's eyebrow is furrowed and oh-shit he's been talking this whole time and Richie hasn't heard a word of it because he's been caught up in that ray-of-sunshine smile and Eddie knows it.

"What-was-that-again?" he asks, all too fast, and he thinks this is the first time he's ever been tongue-tied in his life. "I... uh... spaced out." Snarky remarks usually rolled off of his tongue with ease and this abrupt change left him a little disoriented, like he'd had a rug pulled out from under his feet.

"Your horoscope. It says here that 'If you're looking to meet new people, you are in luck. You're likely to meet potentially long-term friend candidates.' and I just thought that was fitting, because, well, you just met me." Eddie smiled again.

Richie blinked. He had known what it had said, of course, because he had written it, but it was strange to have the things he had written recited to him. "Oh. Of course." *Eddie considered him a long-term friend candidate?* "That's funny. What's yours say?"

He paused and looked down, scanning the paper again. He was mumbling something under the process that Richie couldn't make out. "Here it is. Virgo. 'Minor family problems might make you gloomy today. Perhaps a family member is away, or there may have been some petty squabbles in your household.' Well, that's... sad."

"I'm sorry, Eddie. It was me. Me and your mom got into a *very* interesting argument last night." Eddie raised a hand at him and

Richie waggled his eyebrows back, and before he could be silenced, he continued. "Cheer up, maybe it'll be better tomorrow."

Eddie nodded. "Yeah, you're right. It's just a dumb horoscope, stupid thing to be upset over," he mumbled. "It's later than I thought it was and my mom is - yes, *my mom*," he added, at the look on Richie's face, "- is going to think I died or something if I don't call her back soon, so I've gotta go." He stood up, gathering his book in the crook of his arm.

"Well, tell your mom I said hi for me." Richie slid down from the study table, shuffling his feet awkwardly as he stood. When they were both standing, he realized just how drastic their high difference was; Richie doubted that Eddie even came above his chin, even with his good posture.

Up close, he could see that Eddie's hair was not just brown, but a chorus of different hues, his curls streaked with mahogany until the ends of the strands, where it faded to warm golds and bronzes.

"See you around, Richie." He responded, his spare hand stealing out to check his pockets for his belongings. And then he walked away, the jingle of the bells on the library's door left in his wake.

Author's Note:

eddie WAS confronted by a teenage criminal who regularly breaks into libraries with the sole purpose being steal a kitkat from the vending machine